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COMICS
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DETAILS INSIDE

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COMICS GROUP



DAREDEVIL

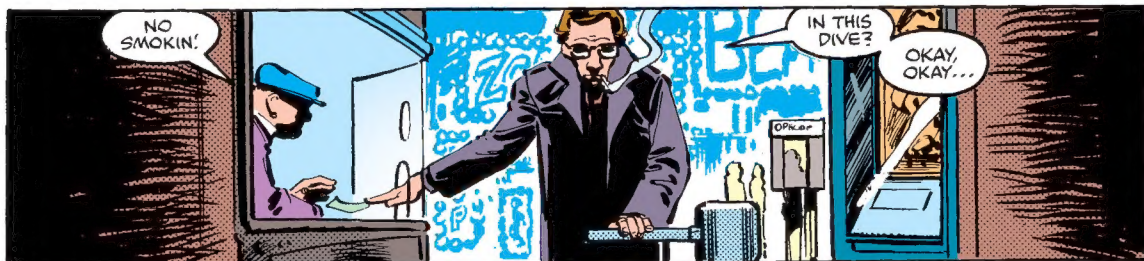


...SOMEBODY
HAD TO
WIN!

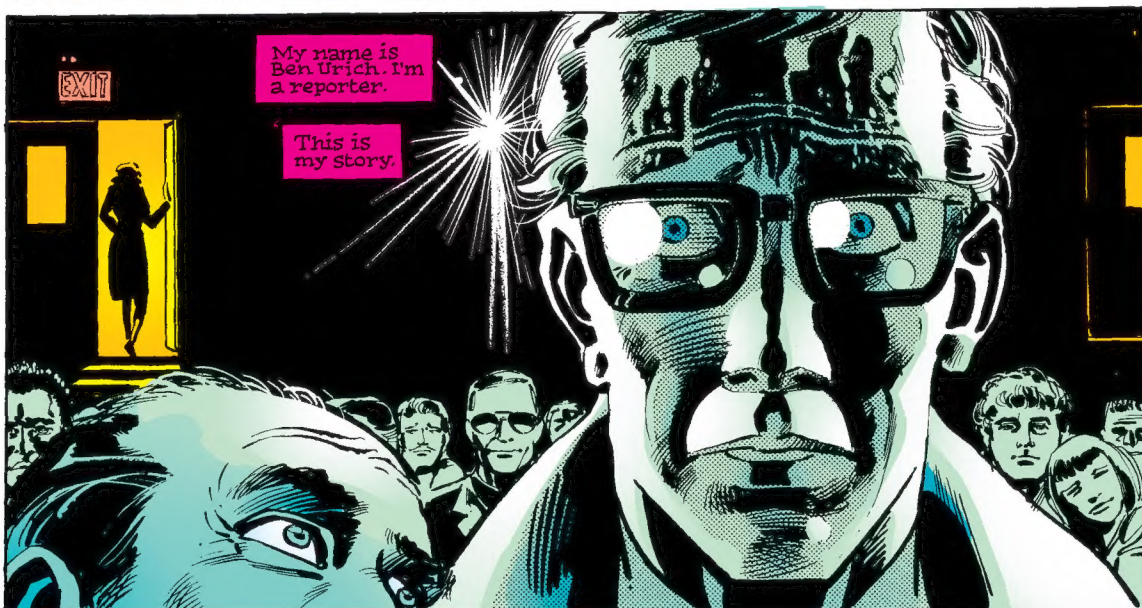
Stan Lee
presents

SPIKED!

FRANK MILLER · KLAUS JANSON · DENNY O'NEIL
JOE ROSEN · JIM SHOOTER



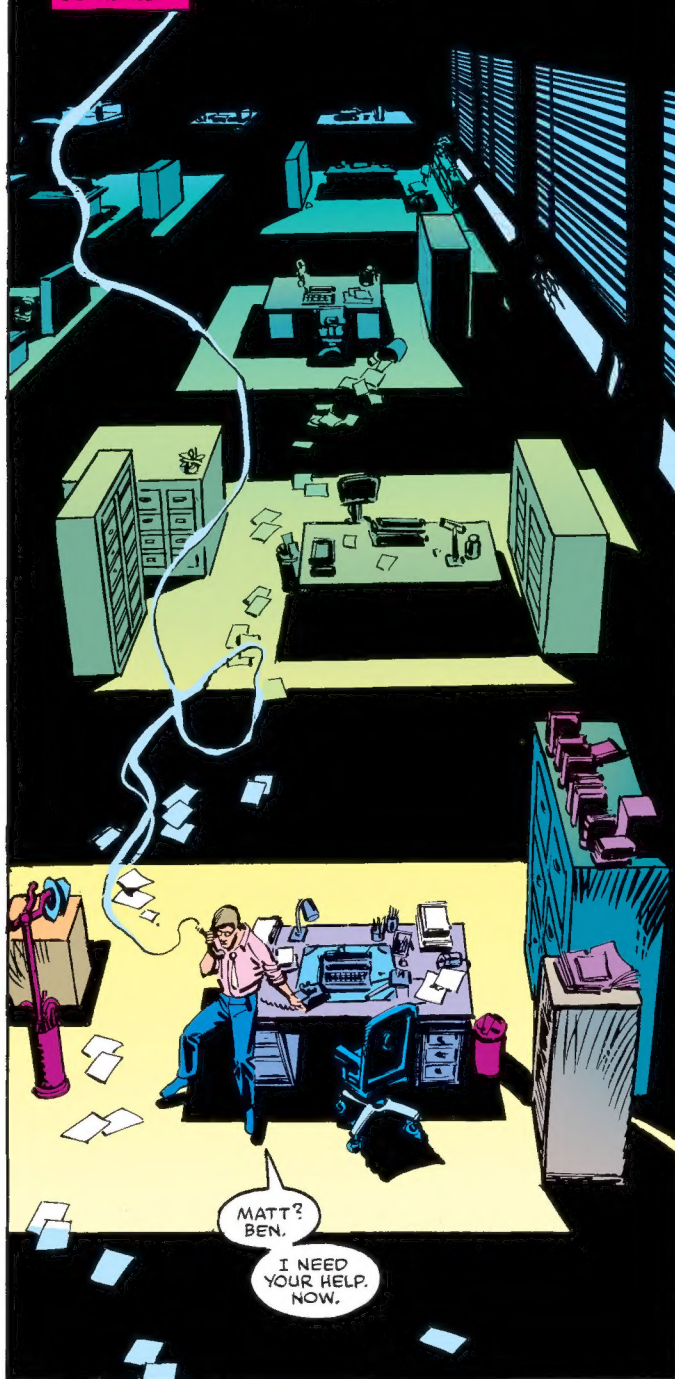




The cops ask all their usual questions. I answer them as best I can.

But I'm still shaking, three hours later, and the shadows no longer seem empty in my office at the NEW YORK DAILY BUGLE.

I decide to call MATT MURDOCK.



MATT?
BEN.

I NEED
YOUR HELP.
NOW.

Let me tell you about Matt Murdock. It's one of my better pieces.



It starts with a studious young boy who was struck across the eyes by a unique radioactive isotope.

Boy Blinded in Bizarre Accident

He was BLINDED-- but the radiation mutated his nerve centers, amplifying his remaining senses to superhuman levels.

Medical Report

Patient: _____ Apt. no. _____
Address: _____
State: _____
Special: _____
Notes: _____

Matt went on to become one of the nation's most prominent attorneys. But some inner drive for justice compelled him to fight crime on the street--and make this town a bit safer for people like you and me.



Masked Hero Saves Child

Like I said, one of my better pieces. Great copy. Pulitzer Prize material.

But it'll never see print.



Maybe I'll pull the Matt Murdock story out of my files once in a while, and think about that Pulitzer. But I won't blow his cover.

It's worth too much to me to know that in this city where crime and corruption are as thick as roaches in last week's garbage, there's one man like DAREDEVIL.

BEN, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP SMOKING THOSE CIGARETTES.

THEY'LL KILL YOU.

BAD CHOICE OF WORDS, MATT.

I'VE JUST BEEN THREATENED--BY SOME KILLER BROAD WHO'S WORKING FOR THE KINGPIN.

DESCRIBE HER.

DIDN'T GET A LOOK AT HER. BUT THEN, A VISUAL DESCRIPTION WOULDN'T DO YOU MUCH GOOD, WOULD IT?

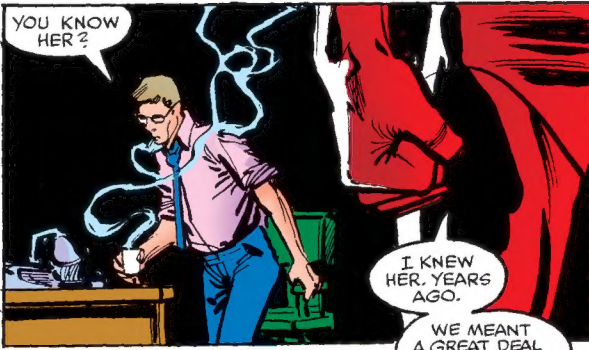
NOT MUCH. WHAT ABOUT HER VOICE?

SHE HAD AN ACCENT. EUROPEAN. MEDITERRANEAN, I THINK.

AND SHE HAD A WEAPON. LIKE A BIG FORK. ABOUT THIS L... UH, ABOUT TWO FEET LONG.

ELEKTRA!

ELEKTRA...

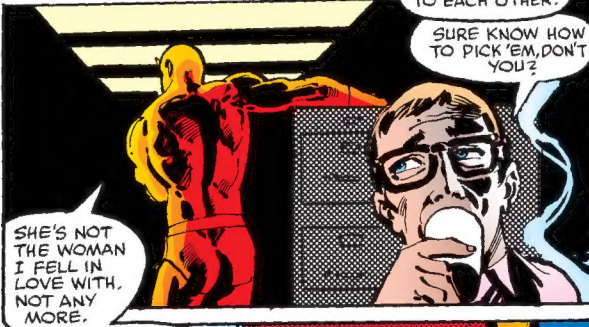


YOU KNOW HER?

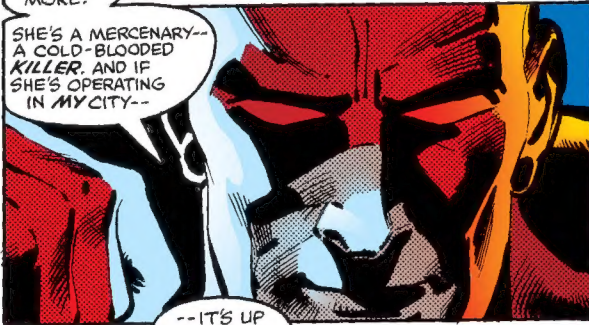
I KNEW HER. YEARS AGO.

WE MEANT A GREAT DEAL TO EACH OTHER.

SURE KNOW HOW TO PICK 'EM, DON'T YOU?



SHE'S NOT THE WOMAN I FELL IN LOVE WITH. NOT ANY MORE.

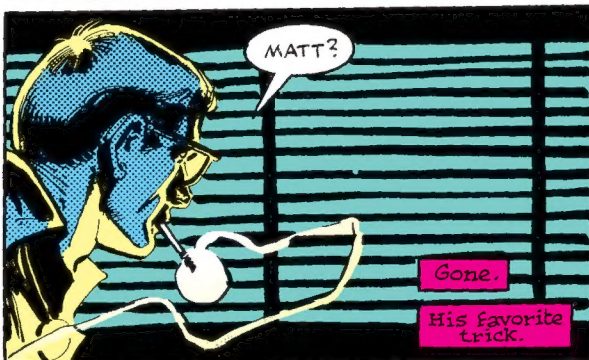


SHE'S A MERCENARY-- A COLD-BLOODED KILLER. AND IF SHE'S OPERATING IN MY CITY--

--IT'S UP TO ME TO STOP HER.



WILL YOU BE ABLE TO?



MATT?

Gone.

His favorite trick.

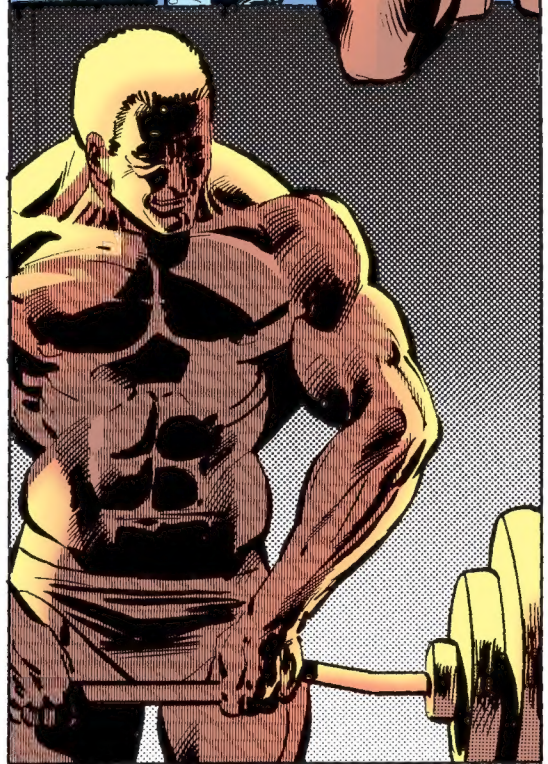
Three cups of coffee into the next morning I get a phone call from the man himself. Randolph Winston Cherryh, candidate for mayor.

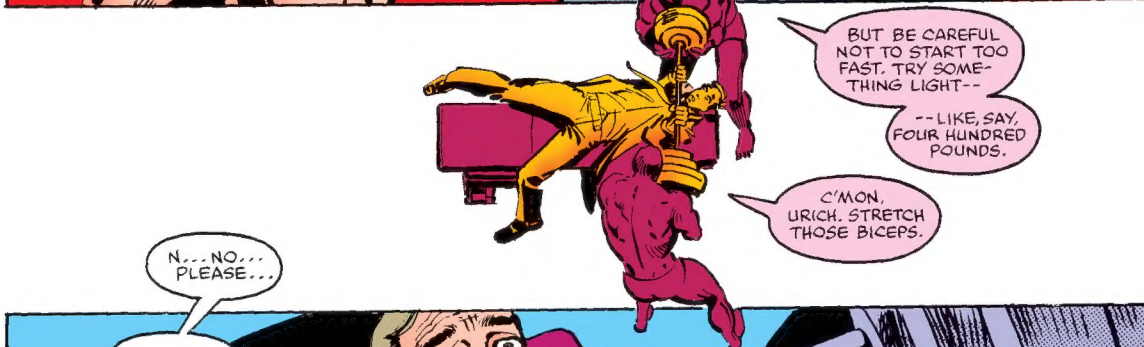
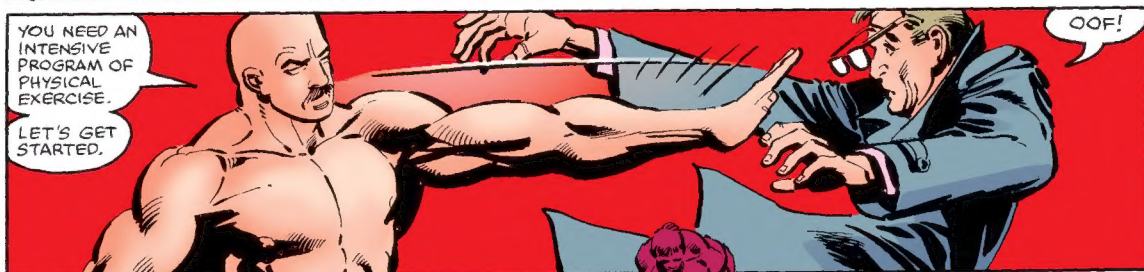
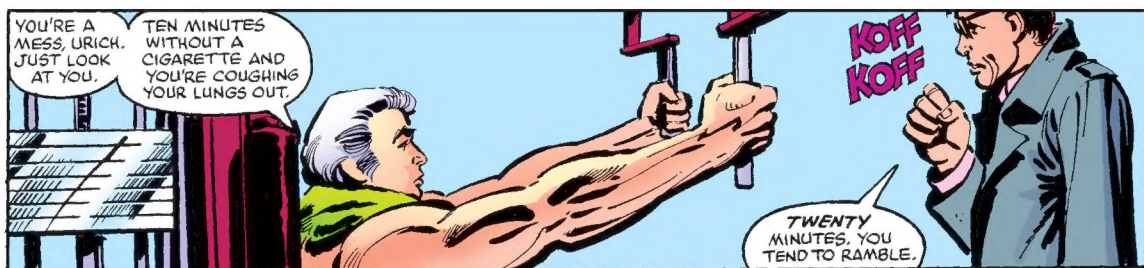
I meet him at a midtown muscle factory.

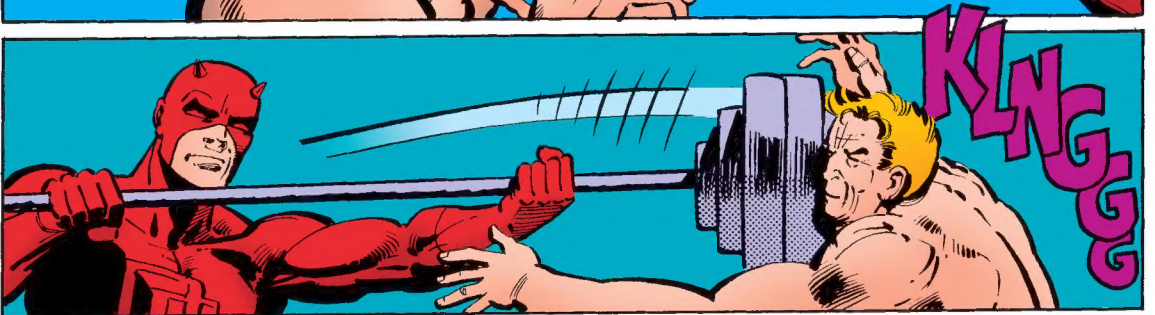
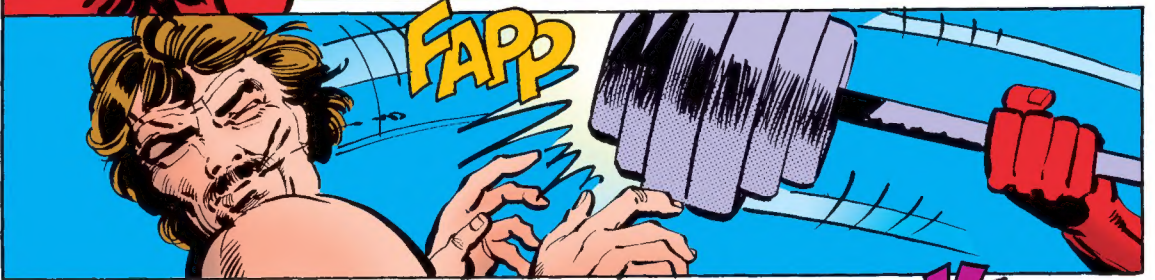
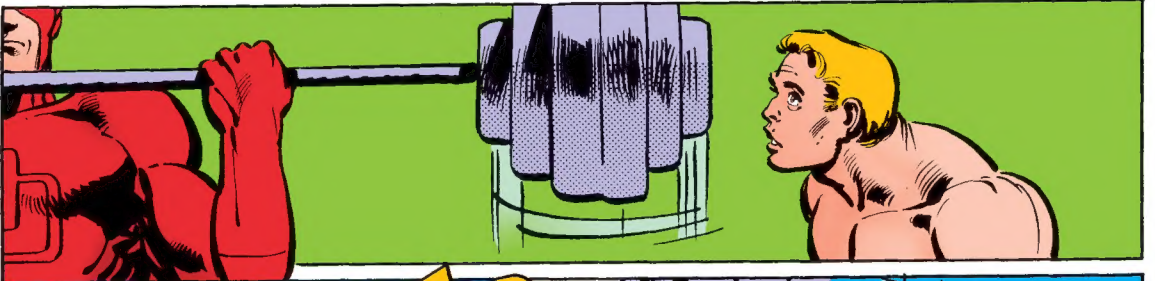
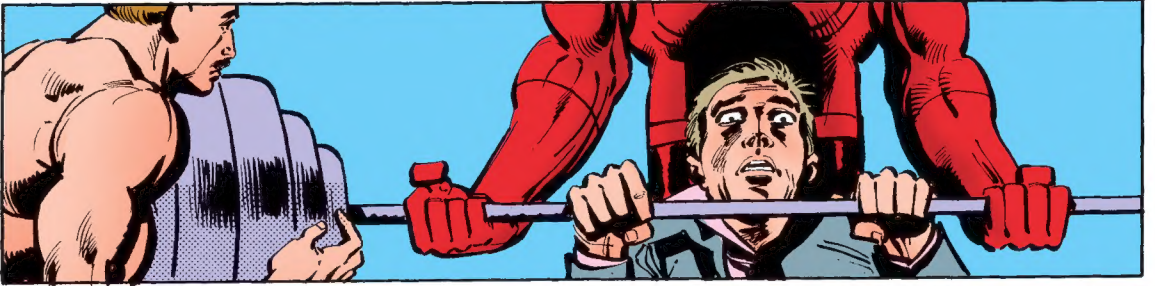
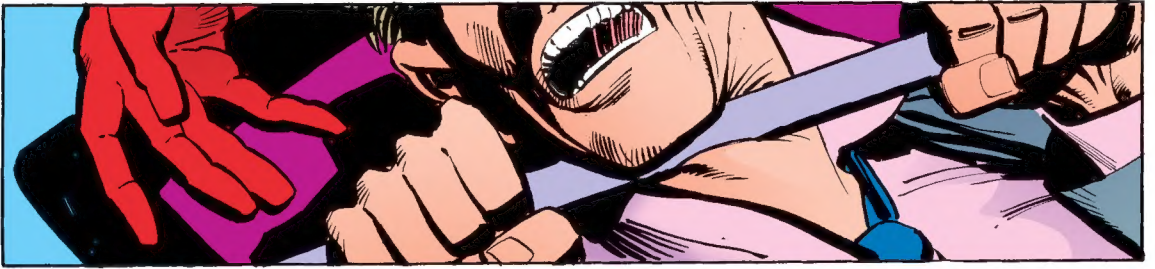


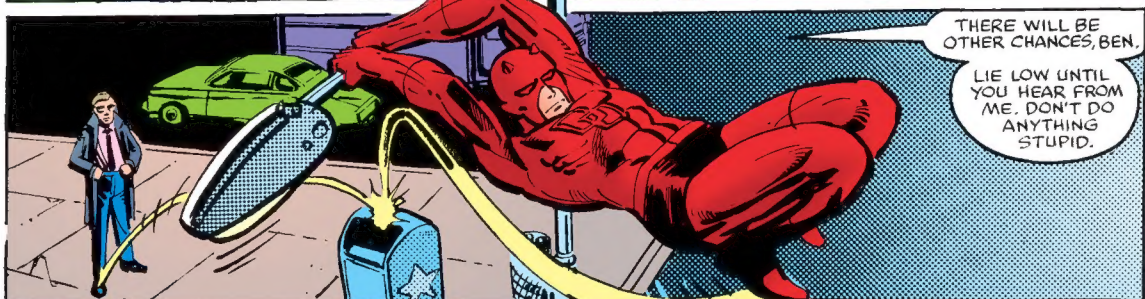
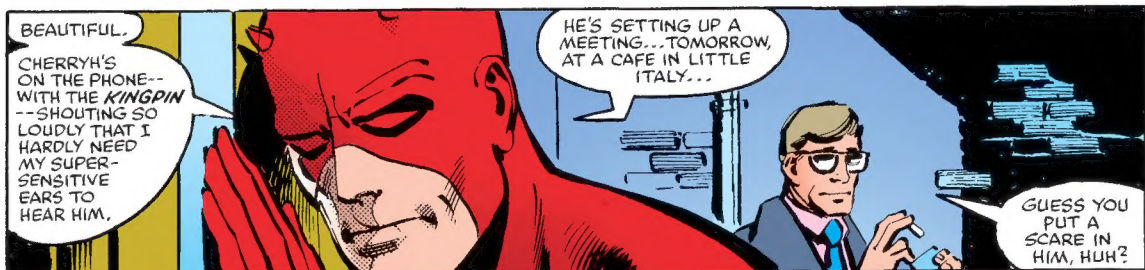
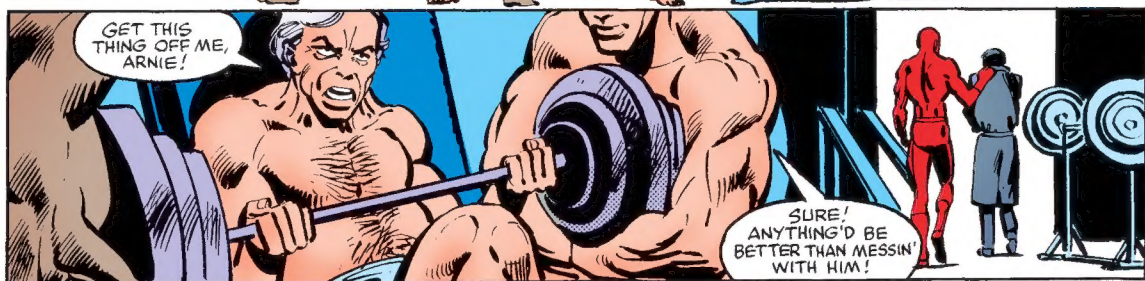
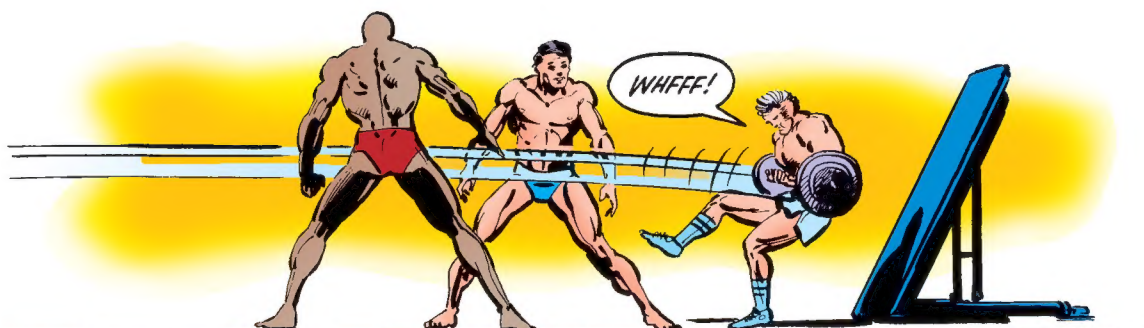
...AN ERA OF NATIONAL RENEWAL, MR. URICH. TO MEET OUR DESTINY, WE MUST BE *FIT*. WE MUST HAVE HEALTHY MINDS--AND HEALTHY BODIES.

YEAH, WELL...









So I'm stupid.
So sue me.

After four hours of sitting
and staring at the restaurant
my stomach is growling so
loudly it will blow my cover.

Then I get lucky.
A limo pulls up
to the curb and
a man steps from it.

No, not a man.
A seven foot,
five hundred
pound HULK.

It's HIM. The Big
Man. The lord
and master of
organized crime
from New York
to Tampa Bay.

The KINGPIN.

KLIK

KLIK

Twenty
minutes
pass while
I think about
how a Pulitzer
Prize would
look on my
desk.

I try not to
think about
how I'd look
on a slab.

Then Cherryh
arrives. In my
mind I'm polishing
my Pulitzer.

I'm ready to leave
when I catch a
connection out of
the corner of my
eye. Somebody's
trying to push
herself through
the window.

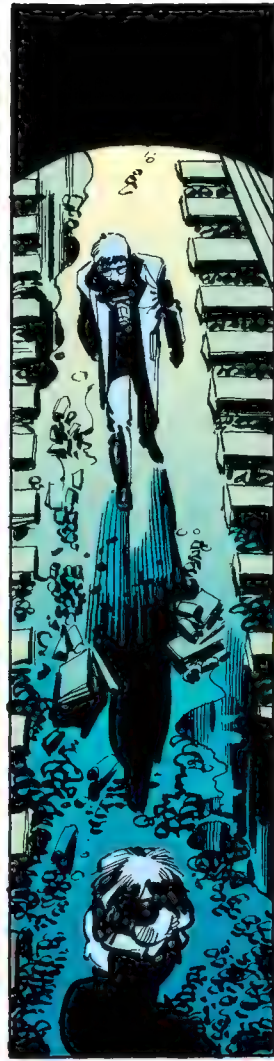
Just a derelict.
A crazy old
bag lady.

KLIK

Or is it?

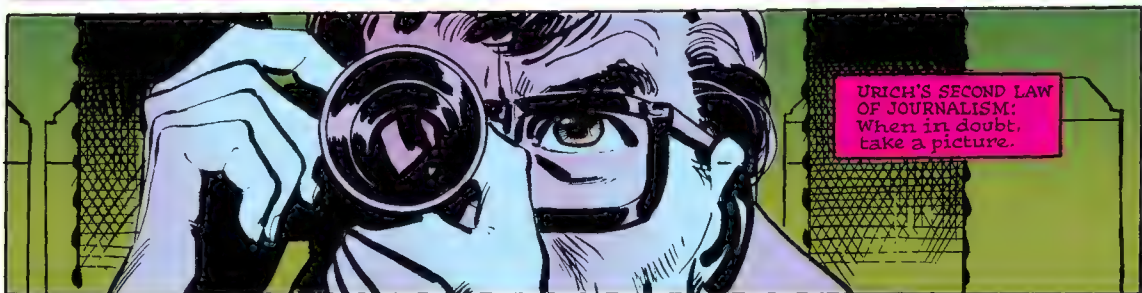
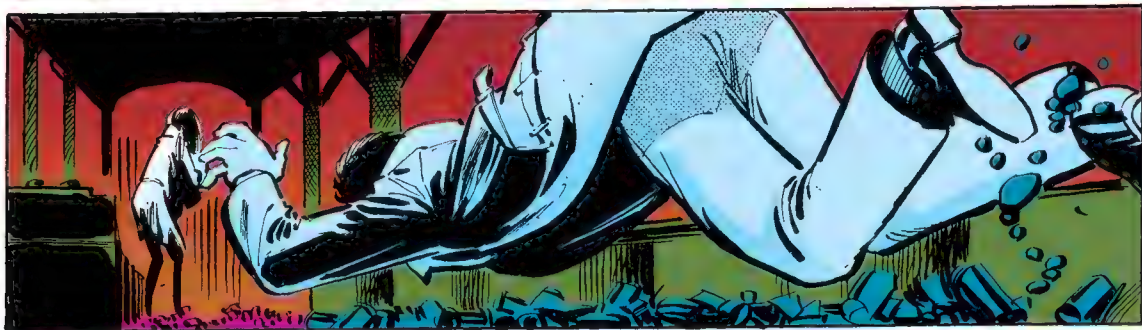


URICH'S FIRST LAW OF JOURNALISM: IF it's not supposed to be there, it's a lead.



Maybe it'll take you to the story of a lifetime.

Or maybe it'll just take you to the subway.



URICH'S SECOND LAW OF JOURNALISM: When in doubt, take a picture.



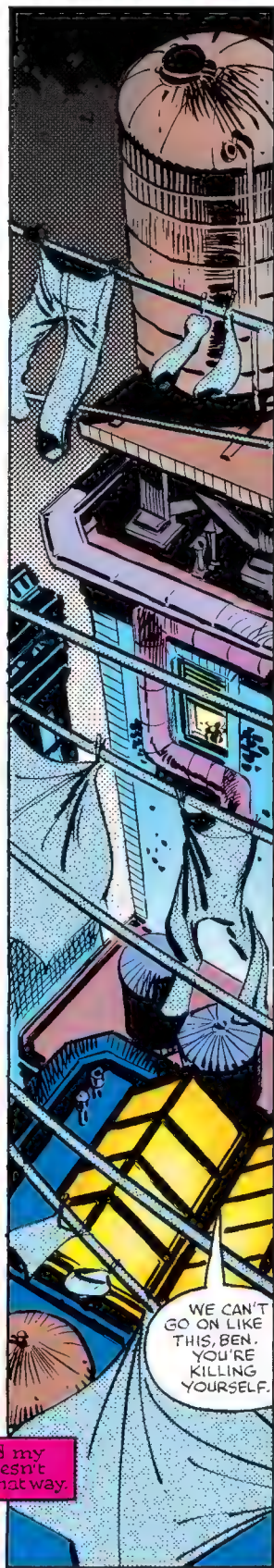
A bag lady. Just a lousy, smelly bag lady.

I was expecting maybe royalty?

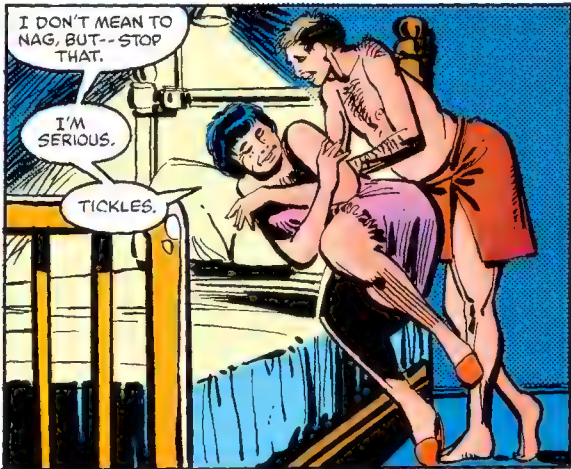
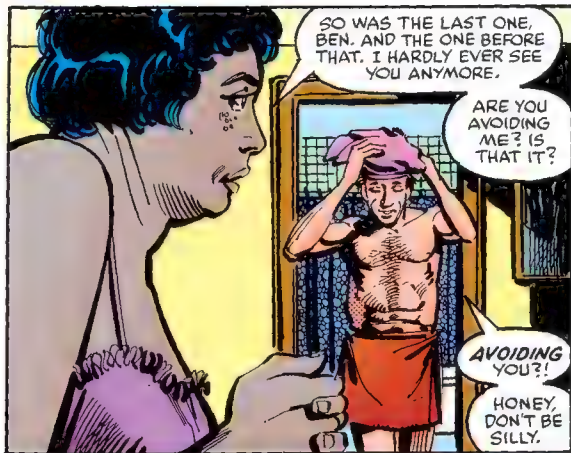
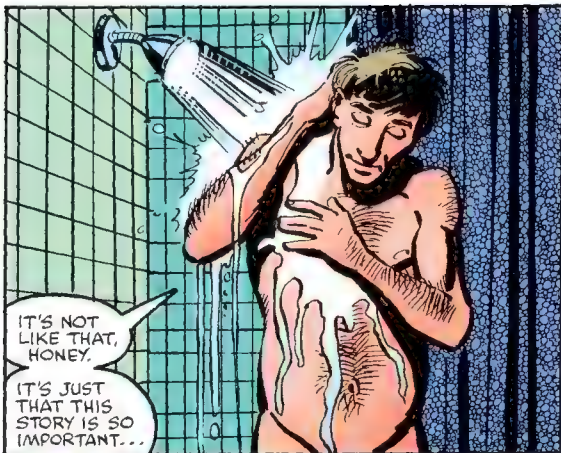
She scrambles away and leaves me sitting in the sewage.

Oh, well. Anything to further the holy cause of the Fourth Estate.

Too bad my wife doesn't see it that way.



WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS, BEN. YOU'RE KILLING YOURSELF.



I cab it to a Times Square diner.



STILL SMOKING THOSE WEEDS, EH, BENNY BOY?

BET YOUR LUNGS LOOK LIKE SOMETHING DIED IN THEM.

DON'T LET IT MAKE YOU BITTER.

WHAT'VE YOU GOT?

CLEAN LUNGS. PINK AS A BABY'S BOTTOM.

ALSO, A TIP FOR YOU THAT'S WORTH THREE BILLS. EASY.

Y'SEE, CHERRYH'S GOT HIMSELF A LADY--A SECRET LADY HE MEETS TWICE A WEEK IN THAT HOTEL 'CROSS THE WAY.

JUST TO WORK OFF TENSION, Y'KNOW?

ANYWAY, HE TALKS TO HER--'BOUT HIS MARRIAGE, HIS JOB, EVERYTHING.

AND SHE'S MAYBE WILLING TO TALK TO YOU.

MAYBE.

DAREDEVIL??

BACK OFF, RED. I'LL SLICE YOU AND DICE YOU.

SUDDENLY EVERY SMALL-TIME OPERATOR IN TOWN IS BURSTING WITH NEWS ABOUT CHERRYH'S "SECRET LADY."

WHICH MEANS EITHER THE KINGPIN'S BEEN VERY, VERY SLOPPY--WHICH HE *ISN'T*--

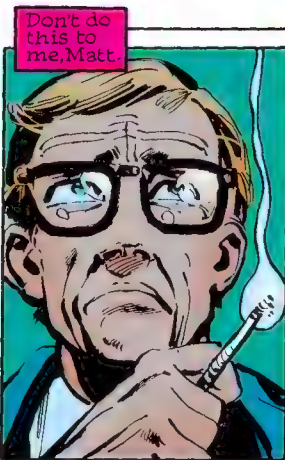
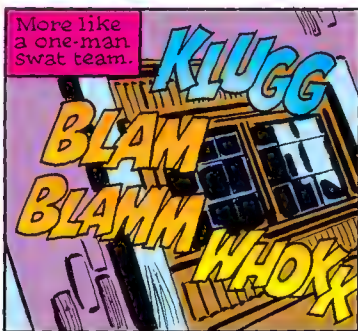
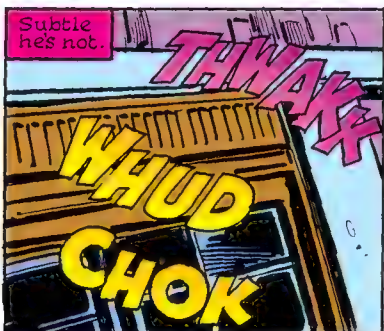
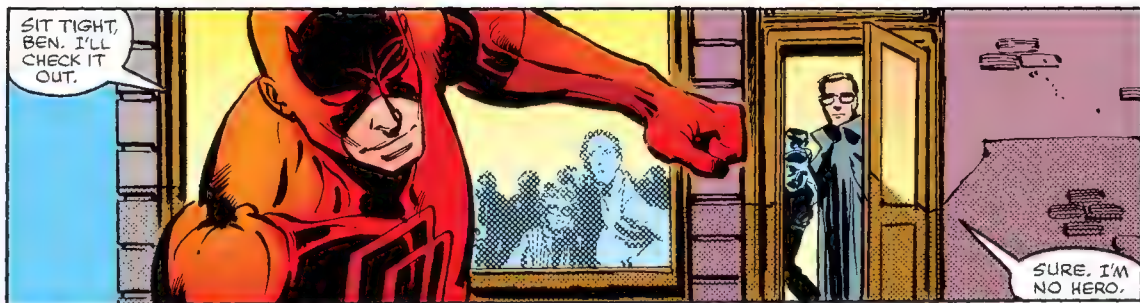
--OR HE WANTS US TO GO INTO THAT HOTEL.

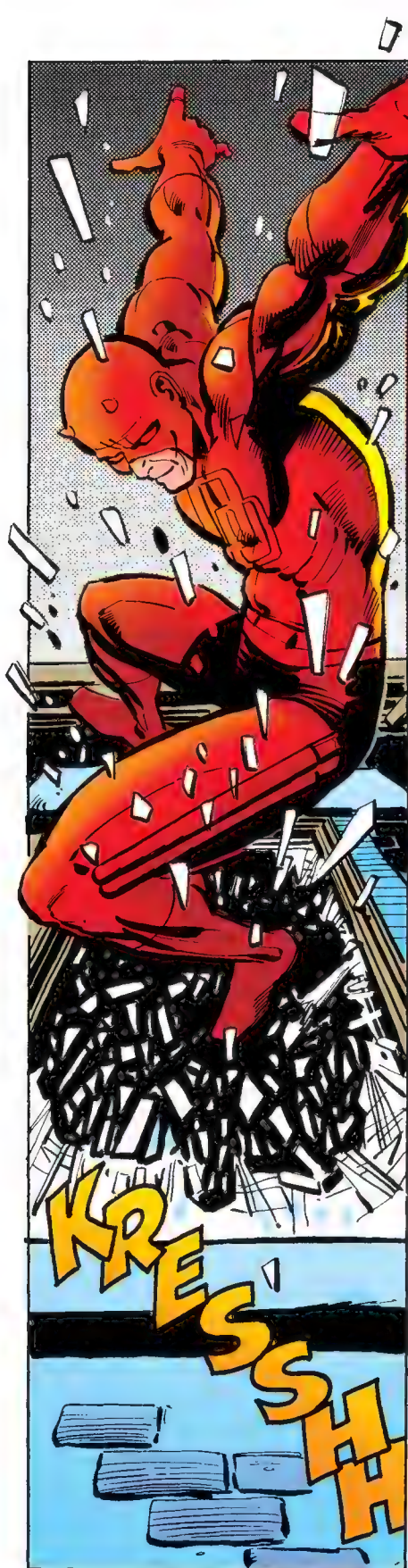


WHICH MEANS IT'S A TRAP.

PROBABLY FILLED WITH MEN, AND GUNS...

OOF!





I don't recognize the lady's face. But her sticker--that I've seen before. In the theatre.

She's the Kingpin's chief assassin--

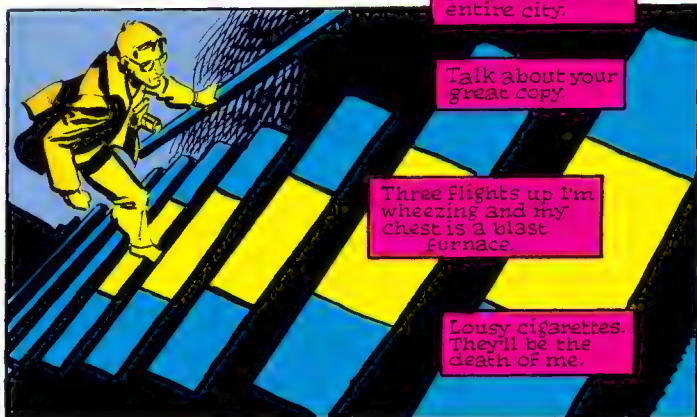


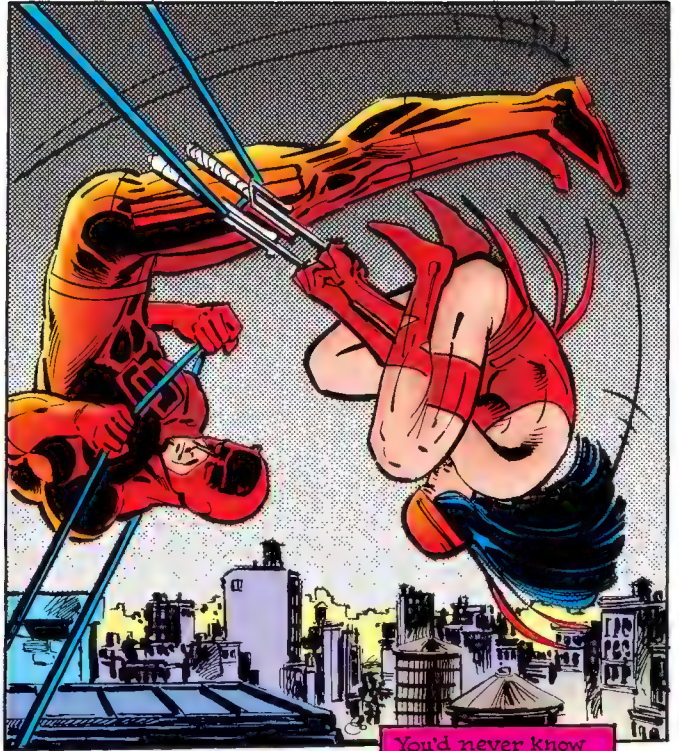
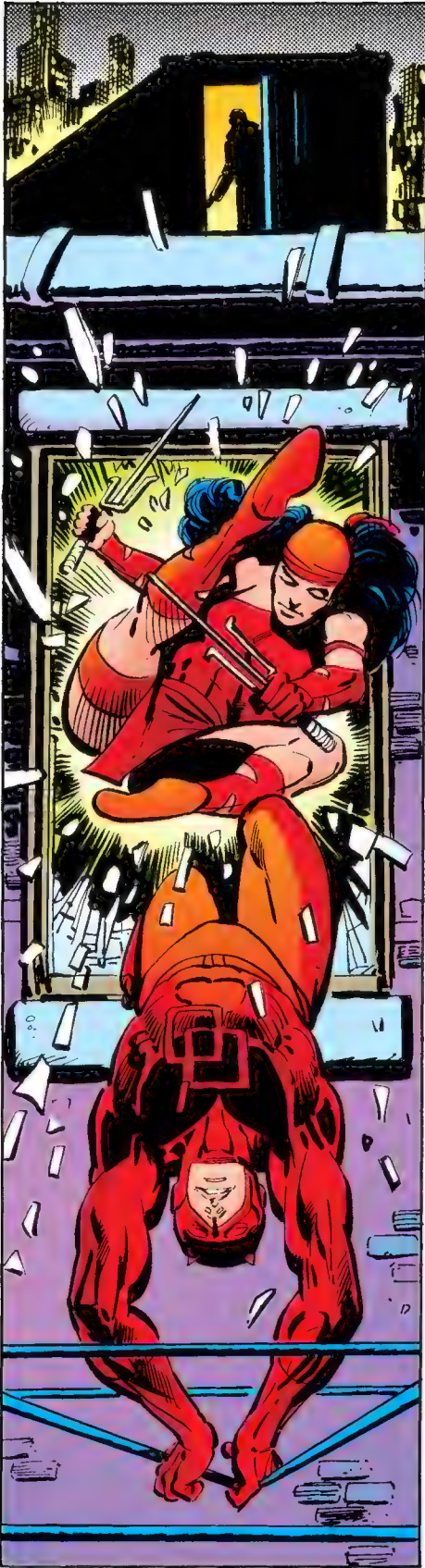
Lovers turned enemies--battling for the fate of an entire city.

Talk about your great copy.

Three flights up I'm wheezing and my chest is a blast furnace.

Lousy cigarettes. They'll be the death of me.

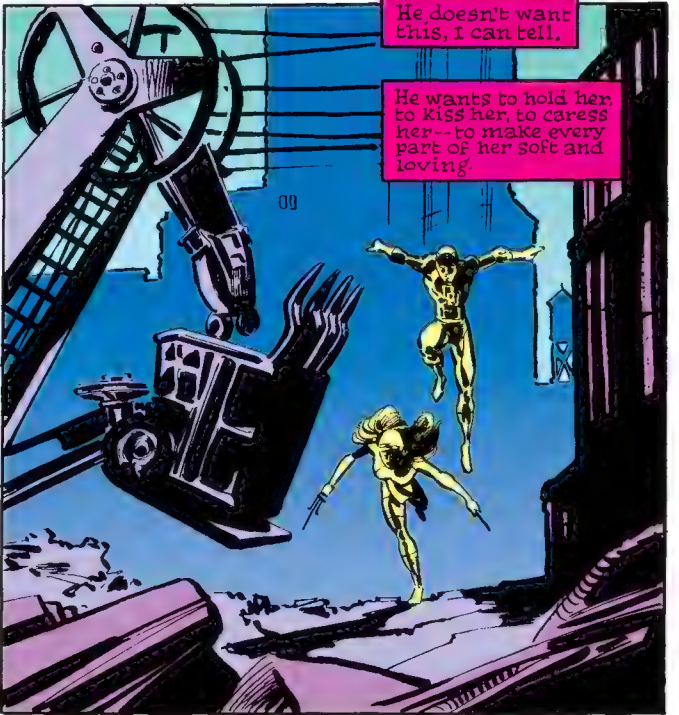




You'd never know
what they were to
each other, unless
you saw their faces--

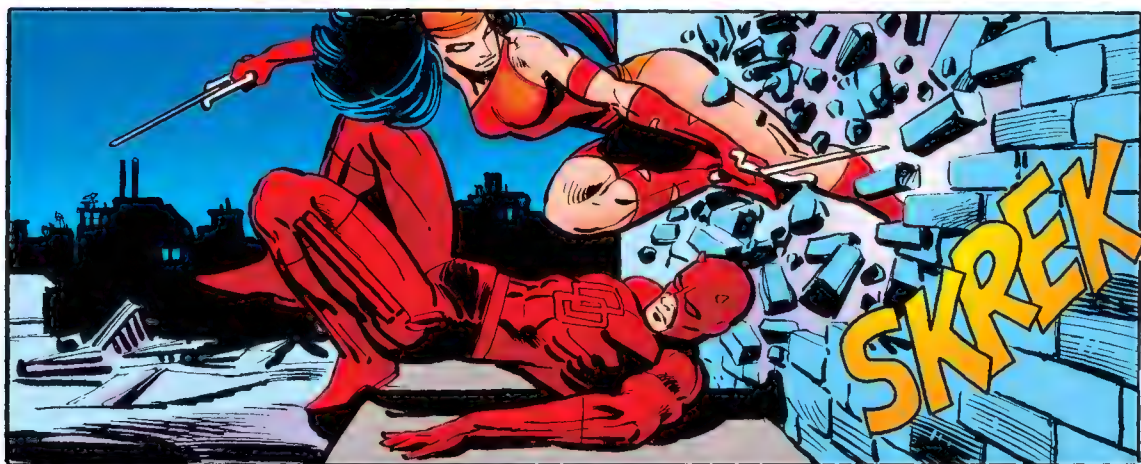


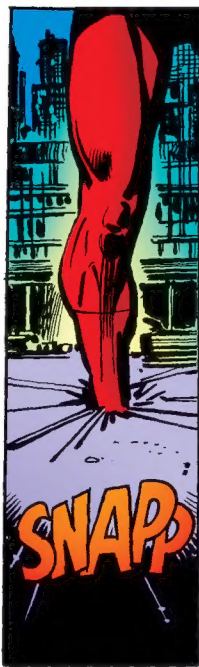
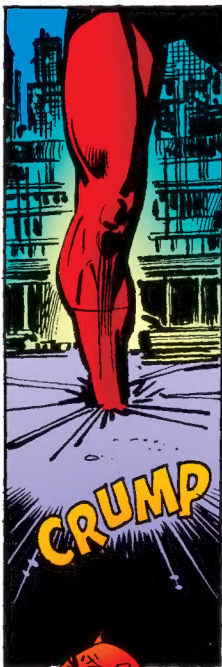
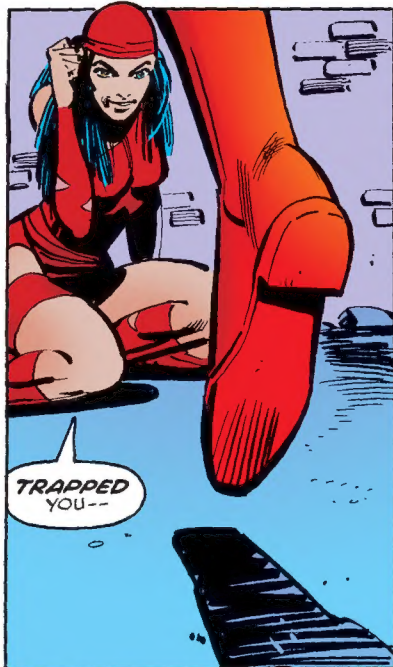
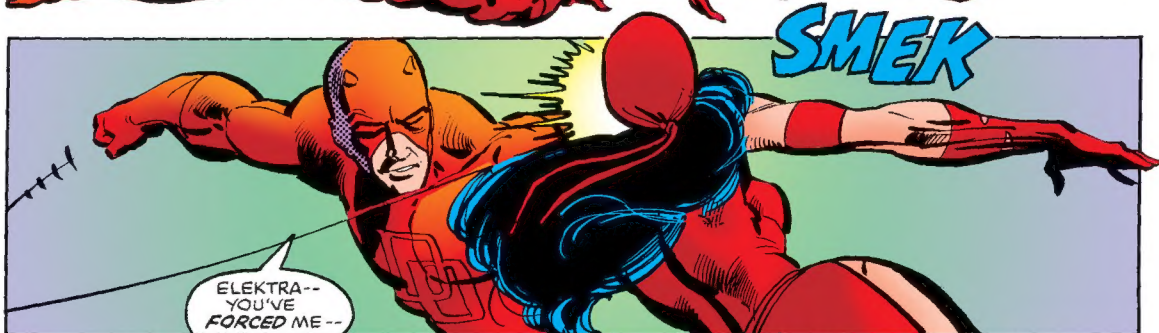
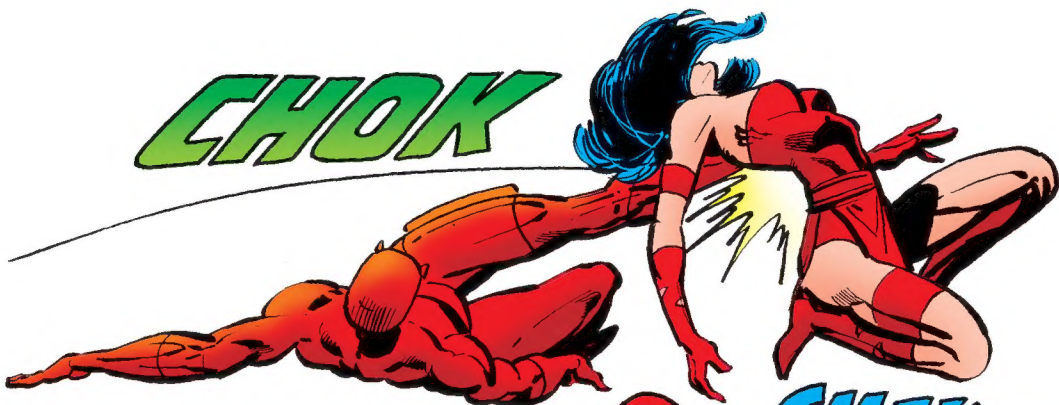
--and glimpsed pain
and anger far more
personal than it
should be.

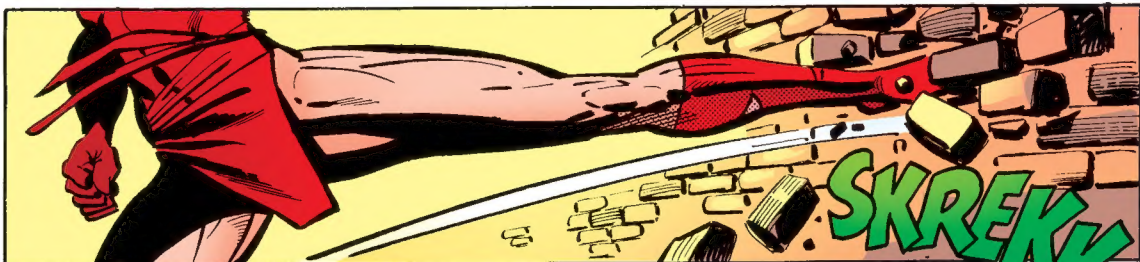
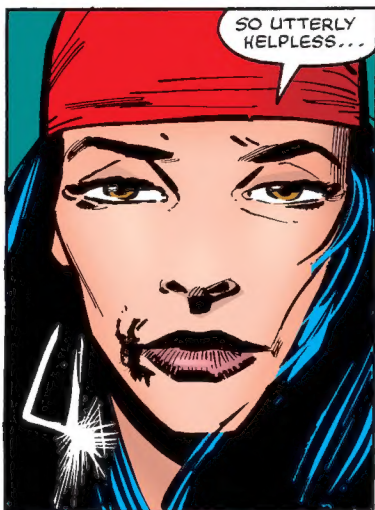


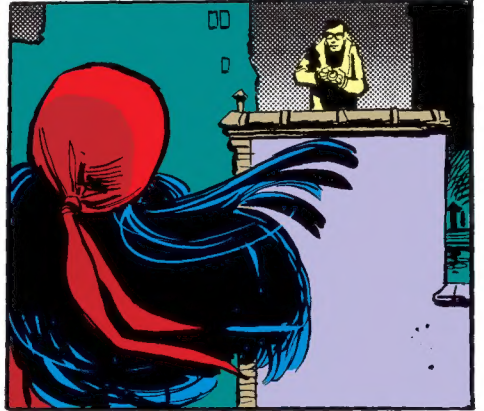
He doesn't want
this, I can tell.

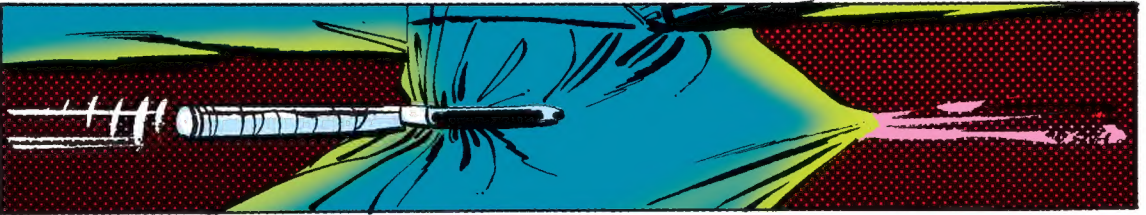
He wants to hold her,
to kiss her, to caress
her-- to make every
part of her soft and
loving.











Lousy cigarettes...

NEXT ISSUE: THE DAMNED